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A golden anniversary for jazz in New Orleans. BY JON PARELES

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Bad Bunny’s ecstatic career revue. BY JON CARAMANICA

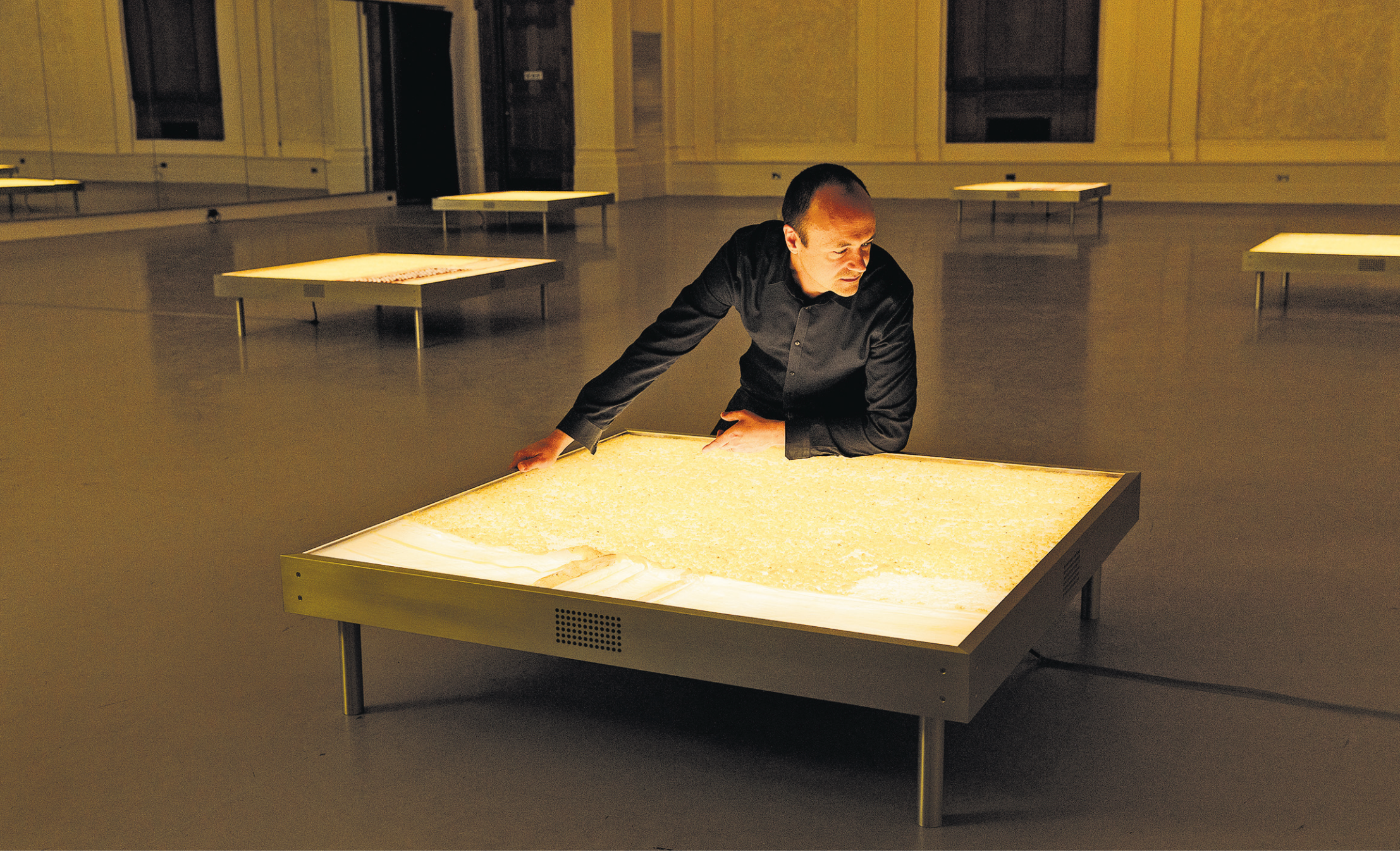
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One old lefty struggles to make sense of the new world. BY DWIGHT GARNER

Arts

The New York Times

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RICKY RHODES FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

# A Ghostly Residue of Bodies in Motion

Jorge Otero-Pailos sealed in latex the sweat and smudges at a dance troupe’s studio space.

EVOCATIVE AND EASILY OVERLOOKED, “Répétiteur” by Jorge Otero-Pailos, occupying an obscure rehearsal room at City Center, is on view this week only. Time is short.

Time happens to be Mr. Otero-Pailos’s subject. Back in 2010, Artangel, the London-based arts nonprofit, commissioned Mr. Otero-Pailos, the Spanish-born architect, artist and Columbia University professor of

historic preservation, to collect dust from Westminster Hall, the oldest building at Britain’s Parliament.

A storied space with immense stone walls and a hammer-beam roof commissioned by Richard II, Westminster Hall is where the English established a court system, held Anne Boleyn’s coronation banquet and tried Charles I for treason.

Mr. Otero-Pailos’s medium is natural liquid latex, a conservator’s tool. At Westmin-

ster, he applied it to the hall’s east wall, the latex acting like a sponge, absorbing dirt and other particles. Reinforced with fabric and peeled off in long sheets, it skinned, or cleaned, the wall, returning the stone to its original color.

But the sticky latex also collected residue — smoke, tobacco, sweat, dirt — left over centuries. Cast, the latex created a kind of ghostly double of the wall — a skin, made

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The artist and architect Jorge Otero-Pailos at his exhibition “Répétiteur,” installed in a rehearsal space once used by Merce Cunningham’s dancers.

Répétiteur  
New York City Center

JAMES PONIEWOZIK | CRITIC’S NOTEBOOK

## Darkness Visible in ‘Game of Thrones’

‘The Long Night’ episode cast many flickering shadows.

THE NIGHT WAS DARK and — from what we could see of it — full of terrors.

In the aptly titled “The Long Night” episode of “Game of Thrones,” the Night King brought his teeming army of the undead to assault the defenders of the living at Winterfell. He is evidently not a morning person. The army arrived under cloak of darkness, and the hour-plus combat that ensued unfolded with all the chromatic variety of a goth teenager’s wardrobe.

This was something we have seen, or rather not seen, before. Funereal color palettes have become a signature of ambitious TV drama. The likes of “Ozark” and “True Detective” externalize their angst by painting the world in shades of black and blue. Naturally lit night scenes and gloomy filters have rendered expensive widescreens into charcoal rubbings of semi-perceptible

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The Dothraki charge in Sunday’s “Game of Thrones” used darkness and light.

## ‘Hamilton’ as Art Show? A Test Run in Chicago

By MICHAEL PAULSON

CHICAGO — Audrey Burcham and Grace Troelstrup got up at 5 a.m. Saturday to be sure they’d make it on time. By 7, three hours before a large “Hamilton” exhibition opened here, they were standing at the front of the line with their moms. Audrey, 12, was clutching an Alexander Hamilton doll as well as a hard-bound collection of inspirational tweets from Lin-Manuel Miranda and, of course, a Playbill; Grace, 13, was wearing a gold star “Hamilton” knit cap and toting “Hamilton: The Revolution,” the explanatory book known to fans as the Hamiltome.

“We’re obsessed,” Audrey said. Grace nodded in agreement. “Hamilton is our life now.”

Hamifans (yes, that’s what they call themselves) have a lot of ways to engage with the juggernaut musical. There’s the

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LYNDON FRENCH FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

A “Hamilton” Playbill held by a fan at a new exhibition in Chicago inspired by the play.

“THIS WONDERFUL ‘GARY’ IS THE REASON LIVE THEATER PERSISTS: I’M THRILLED THE WORLD HAS FLIPPED ENOUGH TO LET IT BE SO.”

JERRY PORTWOOD  
ROLLING STONE

NATHAN LANE

KRISTINE NIELSEN

GARY

JULIE WHITE

A NEW COMEDY BY TAYLOR MAC

Directed by GEORGE C. WOLFE

“WELCOME TO THE DEFIANT AND FABULOUS AND BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF ‘GARY,’ WHERE CARNAGE AND CAMP COEXIST. I’M SO GLAD IT’S HERE.”

JESSE GREEN  
THE NEW YORK TIMES

CRITICS PICK

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JON CARAMANICA | MUSIC REVIEW

# A Pop Recalibrator Is Still Changing It Up

Bad Bunny’s revue spanned his career. All three years.

EVERY SONG BAD BUNNY performed at Madison Square Garden Saturday night came paired with its own specific, vivid, elaborate graphics. The visuals took over screens that hovered above the arena floor and the cross-shaped stage, which was a huge screen itself, giving the effect that the rapper was swimming in a pool of his own cre-

**Bad Bunny**  
Performed at Madison Square Garden on Saturday.

ation, a video-game protagonist sprouting out of pixels and into real life. During “Tenemos Que Hablar,” the jumpy pop-punk song from his debut studio album, “X 100PRE,” the screens were filled with logos of rock bands of varying punkness: the Ramones, Hüsker Dü, Blink-182, Linkin Park and many more. It was a statement about building bridges, but also audacious flag-planting: Those bands could belong to anyone who ever played a Warped Tour, sure, but they also form part of the DNA of one of the most vital and unusual global pop idols of the now, a Puerto Rican rapper-singer with an uncanny knack for melody and an extravagantly colorful style. Which is to say, punk is an attitude, and Bad Bunny has it in spades. This sold-out



CHAD BATKA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES  
The Puerto Rican rapper and singer Bad Bunny at Madison Square Garden.

show was an ecstatic and relentless career-spanning revue, made even more impressive by the fact that his recording career is just three years old. Bad Bunny emerged in a reflective lavender trench coat, his hair the color of a Penn tennis ball, with pointy fingernails to match. From the beginning of his set, he mixed in his early songs — which were more straightforward Latin trap — with more recent ones, which draw on a broader musical palette. Bad Bunny released “X 100PRE” just before Christmas, putting an exclamation point at the end of a year that, even without it, very much belonged to him. He’d already been one of the most versatile and busy collaborators in the increasingly fluid space where Latin trap flirts with reggaeton, and also Latin pop, bachata and hip-hop. And thanks to his appearance on Cardi B’s “I Like It,” for a time the No. 1 song in the country, he leapfrogged his way into becoming one of the most recognizable voices in pop music. At this show, he pivoted among his many styles: brawny rapping on “Caro”; conversational calm on “Otra Noche en Miami”; swinging melody on “Diles,” his first single, released in 2016. Sometimes, on record, Bad Bunny’s singing seems like a byproduct of his rapping. But onstage, on songs like “Solo de Mi,” he was comfortable leaning into the full tenderness of his voice. And in the context of this performance, it was also clear how direct, and almost cloying, his Drake

collaboration “Mia” is — a song designed for smooth absorption that never pushes the edges of Bad Bunny’s gifts. Midway through the show, he was joined by the Puerto Rican reggaeton star Arcángel for a couple of songs, including “Tu No Vive Asi.” (Arcángel was arrested on Thursday in Las Vegas on a misdemeanor domestic battery charge; his appearance here was a surprise.) The Dominican-American rapper Tali Goya also appeared for one song. But the more crucial pairing came toward the end of the night, when Bad Bunny was performing “La Romana.” The song starts out as a trap boomer with bachata overtones but shifts gears into something more pulsing and urgent. That’s when El Alfa, the titan of Dominican dembow, shows up. At this show, he ran onstage in a jacket covered in flames made of sequins, rapping in the rat-tat-tat style that he’s been honing since the early 2010s and which he showcased so effectively on last year’s bruiser of an album, “El Hombre.” Just a couple of years ago, the full ascendance of an artist like Bad Bunny into pop’s mainstream would have been far-fetched. But thanks to his sui generis charisma and style, he’s been instrumental in bringing Latin trap to audiences far beyond the genre’s roots. El Alfa is much more of a forceful literalist than Bad Bunny, and dembow hasn’t traveled as far as Latin trap yet. But when the two men were onstage together, that gap seemed small — the stuff of last year, but maybe not next year.

MICHAEL KIMMELMAN | ART REVIEW



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICKY RHODES FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

# A Ghostly Residue of Bodies in Motion

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via a skinning process, which collected, among other things, particles of real skin. The project preoccupied Mr. Otero-Pailos for several years. When he finished, he hung the casts from the hall’s ceiling like two enormous tapestries — honey-colored and translucent, glowing like amber but remains in the light coming through Westminster’s tall, arched windows. That exhibition, presented by Artangel, opened in 2016, just after Britain voted to leave the European Union, and not surprisingly it provoked some Britons to interpret the latex tapestries, with their odor and hints of flaying, as a metaphor for national martyrdom and decay. Over the years, various artists like Eva Hesse and Rachel Whiteread have traversed similar terrain using latex casts. For Mr. Otero-Pailos, the goal is to capture architecture’s “intangible heritage,” as he calls it. His works save not a building’s walls, floors, windows or doors but remains of architectural habitation: whisperingly faint but still visceral remnants of actual bodies that occupied real space. Westminster belonged to a series of projects Mr. Otero-Pailos has undertaken called “The Ethics of Dust,” a phrase borrowed from the 19th-century critic John Ruskin. To Ruskin, great historical buildings spoke volumes. Restoration desecrated architecture by removing traces of the past. But properly conserved, a building retains evidence of the passage of time, layered like sediments of the earth. “Répétiteur,” at City Center, in effect does for Merce Cunningham and dance what “The Ethics of Dust” aimed to do at Westminster. Cunningham rehearsed his danc-



For “Répétiteur,” top and above, Jorge Otero-Pailos made latex casts of the woodwork, vents and electrical outlets of a dance troupe’s rehearsal space, preserving traces of sweat and fingerprints.

ers in a particular studio at City Center whenever the company performed there. During rehearsals, the troupe would lean against the walls to rest, leaving fingerprints and sweat in the stucco and plaster. Not long ago, City Center decided to refurbish the room, whitewashing it and refinishing the old wainscoting, so beforehand Mr. Otero-Pailos arranged to make latex casts of the woodwork, vents, electrical outlets and so on.

He produced six casts, currently displayed in four-foot-square light boxes on shin-high platforms or podiums, placed around the studio, now renovated, according to the same grid system that Cunningham used to deploy his dancers, a system based on the 64 hexagrams of the I Ching. What results is visually minimalist and low key to a fault. But it’s also kind of haunting. Doubled in number by the mirror that fills one long wall of the room, the light

**Répétiteur**  
Through Sunday at New York City Center, Harkness Studio; nycitycenter.org.

boxes have an accompanying soundtrack: audio clips that Mr. Otero-Pailos took from videos of Cunningham preparing his troupe to perform three works — “Exchange” (which premiered at City Center in 1978), “Roaratorio” and “CRWDSPCR.” And so, like “The Ethics of Dust,” “Répétiteur” involves an act of historical conservation, which in this case meditates on the specific relationship between architecture and dance. Each dance rehearsal or performance, after all, takes place in a particular architectural space from which the dance is as inseparable as it is from its own choreography or dancers. Or as Mr. Otero-Pailos has put it, a film of a dance is no more an adequate record of the dance than a photograph of a demolished building can substitute for the actual building. In essence, “Répétiteur” restores what’s missing from such a film — conjuring up not just the architecture of the practice studio at City Center but also what you might call the architecture of time, study, repetition and pain that went into the making of Cunningham’s art. We talk about preserving prized buildings and places. But architecture is more than bricks and mortar. It is the spaces we devise in which to live our lives, dream dreams, struggle and invent things. This is the larger point of Mr. Otero-Pailos’s work, too, capturing vestiges of steps taken, leaps made.